NO. 3

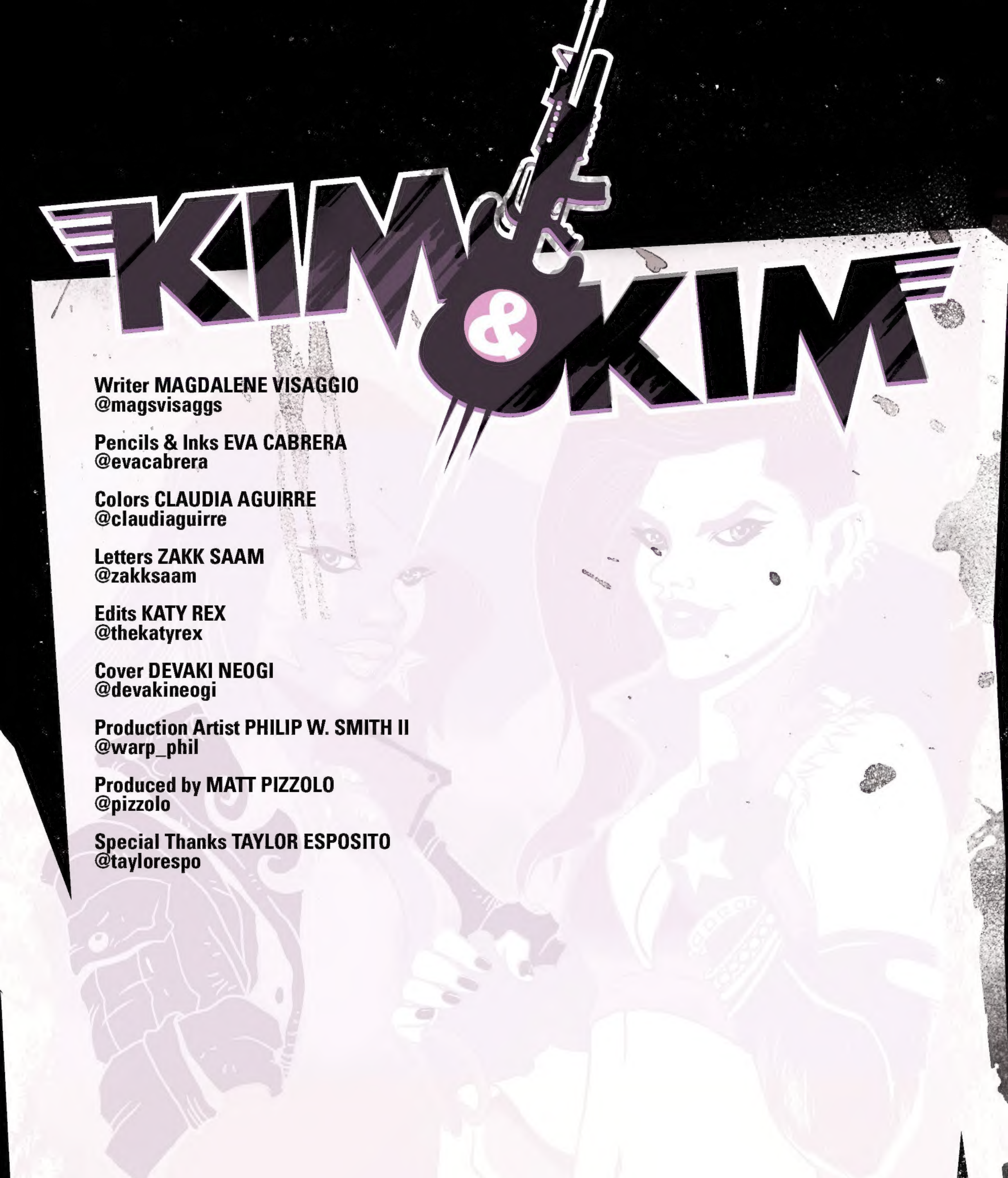
VISAGGIO-CABRERA

KIM & KIM

AGUIRRE-SAAM-REX

WELCOME TO NEVER BACK ICE!

BLACK MASK



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OK, SO MY FIRST SOLO BOUNTY GIG WASN'T SOLO. IT WAS WITH SAAR. MY DAD SENT US AFTER A DUDE NAMED STEFANO BELLARY. MINOR MOB ENFORCER.

THIS IS BEFORE I HOOKED UP WITH KIM D.

DIMENSION 12 ISN'T SOMEPLACE YOU CAN JUST ***FIND***, AND IT HASN'T BEEN FOR SOME TIME. ***I*** SAW TO THAT.

YOU HAVE TO KNOW WHERE TO LOOK.

YOU KNOW, IT'S ALMOST AS IF THEY'RE MAKING SURE THAT EL SCORCHO'S GUYS ARE ABLE TO FIND THEM.

WHY'D THEY HAVE TO GO AND STEAL QUILT? IT'S NOT LIKE THEY CAN EVEN ***GET THE FRIGGIN' REWARD.***

THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS, SAAR.

NOW HERE'S SOME **SHIT,** KIMMY. BECAUSE **DIMENSION 12** IS HIDDEN WELL. WE HID IT IN THE ONE PLACE YOU CAN'T EVEN FIND TO LOOK IN.

BRIGADOON?

NEVER-LOOK-BACK.

*SO YEAH, WE CAUGHT UP WITH HIM ON **UNGHZ,** AND **HE WAS COKED THE FUCK OUT.** SAAR AND ME GOT HIM CORNERED IN A FRIGGIN' FLOWER SHOP OF ALL THINGS. SHITTY IDEA, TURNS OUT.*

*STRUNG-OUT MANIAC CAME AT SAAR **TEETH FIRST.***

*WASN'T REALLY HIS **TOE** THAT GOT BITTEN OFF.*

THERE'S A BIG BURST OF NECROTIC ENERGY HERE AND THEN EVERYTHING JUST KIND TRAILS OFF.

EITHER THIS IS THE **BIGGEST,** MOST **DISGUSTINGY OVER-THE-TOP,** MOST **SHODDILY-EXECUTED DISTRACTION** IN THE HISTORY OF THE OMNIVERSE OR THEY SERIOUSLY BLEW THIS PLACE UP ON ACCIDENT AND FLED LIKE SQUIRRELS.

LIKE PYGMY MARMOSETS.

SURE. EITHER WAY, SOMEONE'S GONNA FIND 'EM. AND IF IT ISN'T US...

NEVER-LOOK-BACK. THE LOST PLANET. EVEN THOUGH THEY SAY IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND.

TRUST ME. IN THIS OMNIVERSE, "IMPOSSIBLE" IS A ***PHILOSOPHICAL ABSURDITY.***

THE ONLY QUESTION IS WHO'LL FIND YOU WHEN YOU GET THERE.

BUT THIS? THIS IS BULLSHIT.

TWOOM

SHIT! TOM'S STILL IN THE BACK!

FUCK. DO THEY CALL THIS PLACE NEVER-LOOK-BACK BECAUSE EVERYBODY DIES HERE?

SHUT UP.

I WAS--

JUST SHUT UP, KIM.

SHUT IT DOWN. WHOEVER SHOT THAT GODDAMN FIRE-BALL AT US PROBABLY ISN'T GONNA JUST LET US SIT HERE.

BOOM

KIM Q

RIGHT. AND WE'RE KINDA SCREWED UNDER THIS RIDGE. IF THEY COME FROM LITERALLY ANY DIRECTION OTHER THAN STRAIGHT INTO THE VALLEY, THEY'LL HAVE THE HIGH GROUND.

WHATEVER. WE'LL GO ALL BOMB-ASS EXPLODEY ON THEM.

MRRRRNNNG

RIP THEM TO PIECES!

THIS IS THE SHIT I WAS TALKING ABOUT!

THIS IS THE SHIT KIM D.
WAS TALKING ABOUT.

RAGE HEAD

FROSTY FUCKHEAD.

THWAK

KRONCH

"KRONCH"?

NOW, LET'S SEE WHO THIS **REALLY** IS!

SERIOUSLY WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

OBVIOUSLY ONCE WE UNMASK THIS GUY WE'LL KNOW EXACTLY WHO IS TRYING TO KILL US, ***DUH.***

OH OF COURSE. HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN SO BLIND?

OK I'M NOT ABOVE ADMITTING THAT I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT CONCLUSIONS TO DRAW FROM OUR BEING ATTACKED BY ROBOT GORILLAS.

WHAT CONCLUSIONS TO DRAW FROM BEING ATTACKED BY ROBOT GORILLAS:

1) You have attracted the attention of Franken-Ape, simian mad scientist.
2) Franken-Ape just happens to work for El Scorcho. Shit!
3) You are probably pretty rad because seriously he doesn't fuck around with pikers.
4) You should add "pikers" to your vocabulary. It's a really fun word.

I DUNNO. NEVER-LOOK-BACK IS SUPER MYSTERIOUS, RIGHT? MAYBE ITS NATIVE PEOPLE IS A LOST RACE OF ROBOTIC GORILLAS.

LET'S... SEE.. WHO THIS... ***FUCK!... REAALLLLY...*** IS!

WE HAVE BIGGER PROBLEMS THAN ROBOT GORILLAS.

I'M NOT SURE WE DO.

SHUT UP. CLEARLY WE CAN FIGHT ROBOT GORILLAS AND WIN.

BUT THE CONTESSA...

...SHE MIGHT NOT FLY AGAIN.

WELL.

I MEAN, SHE'S PROBABLY BEEN THROUGH WORSE. RIGHT? SHE HAS TO HAVE BEEN THROUGH WORSE. THIS THING IS LIKE EIGHTY ZILLION YEARS OLD AND MADE FROM OLD SOVIET TANKS.

FIRST, THAT'S PROBABLY DEFINITELY NOT TRUE. SECOND, WE WERE ALWAYS SOMEWHERE WE COULD GET IT REPAIRED.

MAYBE THERE'S A LOCAL TOWN NEARBY? THERE'S ALWAYS LIKE A TOWN WITH, LIKE, AN ITEM SHOP AND QUESTS AND SHIT. MAYBE LIKE...A WANDERING KNIGHT ERRANT HANDING OUT SWORDS.

THIS PLACE IS LITERALLY CALLED THE LOST PLANET. I DOUBT THERE ARE TOO MANY KNIGHT ERRANTS.

OMG THERE ARE ROBOT GORILLAS WITH SNOWMOBILES AND SERIOUSLY THIS PLACE WASN'T THAT HARD TO FIND.

WE HAD DIRECTIONS FROM A GHOST!

YOU SAID DJUNA WASN'T TECHNICALLY A GHOST!

QUIET!

THIS IS THE CLOSEST WE'VE GOTTEN TO DIMENSION 12 AND WE'RE NOT GOING TO *FUCK THIS UP.*

IF WE'VE STILL GOT A WORKING RADIO--

INTER-COMM.

--GET ON IT AND START LOOKING FOR HELP. I'M GOING TO GO SCOUT FOR A SETTLEMENT OR SOMETHING, SINCE I GUESS *I'M* GONNA HAVE TO.

WE DON'T KNOW WHAT'S OUT THERE. YOU'LL FREEZE TO DEATH IF YOU AREN'T KILLED FIRST!

I'M A POLYFORM AND I'M STILL HOPPED UP ON GENE STABILIZERS. I'LL TAKE THE FORM OF A *TAPHANTI RAZOR BEAR* OR SOMETHING.

I'LL SEND HELP IF I CAN. BUT IF I CAN'T...

...WELL, IT'S BEEN INFURIATING AND UNCOMFORTABLE.

CLICK!

AND THAT IS ABOUT ALL WE CAN DO. WANT A SMOKE TO KEEP YOU WARM?

MY *MIGHTY ROBOT BODY* DOES NOT REQUIRE YOUR HUMAN COMFORT.

HEY DUDE. I JUST REALIZED. DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN WE MET?

NOT REALLY, NO. YOU WERE DATING DREA FOR A BIT AND I GUESS WE PROBABLY MET THEN.

GOD, DREA. I WANTED TO BE HER SO HARD. I BET SHE'S RUNNING SOME KIND OF FOLK SINGER ART COLLECTIVE OR SOMETHING THESE DAYS.

WITH HER CAT.

NO. NO, SHE'S NORMAL.

I GUESS THAT'S WHY SHE'S NOT FREEZING TO DEATH ON NEVER-LOOK-BACK.

PLEASE. YOU LOVE THIS.

YEAH. YEAH I DO.

I DON'T REMEMBER WHEN I MET YOU, EITHER.

JUST FEELS LIKE YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN THERE.

I ALWAYS WILL BE.

SIXTY ZILLION YEARS AGO.

DJUNA BOULAMI BADASS FOR MONEY

ADAM ATOMIC MERCENARY SUPER GENIUS

NOWHERE LEFT TO GO, DJUNA.

SO HAND IT BACK OVER AND WE CAN GO BACK TO **GLOWERING AT EACH OTHER AT PARTIES.**

YOU'RE SUCH A **WASTE,** YOU KNOW THAT? REMEMBER WHEN **ADAM ATOMIC** WAS GOING TO SAVE THE WORLD?

YOU WERE THE CRUSADER, DJUNA. NOT ME. NOW GIVE ME THE **CHRYSOGONUS GEMSTONE.**

YOU AND SCORCHO CAN SUCK MY TITS

KUH-THIK

CHRIST! DJUNA!

DJUNIE, GET YOUR ASS IN HERE!

MINA SAYLES DAREDEVIL PILOT!

HEY, BEAUTIFUL. MISS ME?

NO.

SURE YOU DIDN'T.

NOW. BUT LATER THAN THE EARLIER NOW, WHICH IS, I SUPPOSE, TECHNICALLY "THEN."

UM, OKAY.

I SUPPOSE IT'S **POSSIBLE** I'VE WOKEN UP IN AN ALTERNATE REALITY WHERE I MADE VERY DIFFERENT AND **CLEARLY FAR SUPERIOR** LIFE DECISIONS.

HELLO?

HEY KIM! YOU'RE AWAKE!

...I AM.

I WAS JUST REGALING THE TABLE WITH THE GLORIOUS STORY OF HOW I GOT EVERYONE RESCUED.

SOMEONE SHUT HIM UP.

SO THERE I WAS, LOST IN THE BITTER COLD, WHEN I WAS SET UPON BY A GIANT... **CAT-MONSTER-THING.**

I CALL THEM **PURR-MONSTERS** AND THEY'RE HARMLESS MOST OF THE TIME. I ACTUALLY PICKED UP AN **INTER-COMM DISTRESS** SIGNAL OF ALL THINGS, SO I WAS ALREADY OUT LOOKING.

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG TO FIGURE OUT THAT THE **FLAILING LITTLE MAN** WASN'T UNRELATED.

SO SHE SHOWS UP AND **BLAM BLAM BLAM** SENDS THE PURR-MONSTER PACKING!

PLEASE DON'T YELL.

IT WAS PROFOUNDLY LESS INTERESTING THAN THAT. I SCARED AWAY SOME CATS AND GOT TOM IN MY HOVERCRAFT, TRACKED DOWN YOUR SIGNAL, AND TOWED YOU HERE.

WE REALLY APPRECIATE THE RESCUE, MS...

SAYLES. MINA. DAREDEVIL PILOT AND FORMER DRUMMER FOR **LOS FANTASTICOS.** AND SERIOUSLY, IT WAS MY PLEASURE.

NEVER- LOOK-BACK ISN'T A TERRIBLY FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD.

YOU'RE TELLING ME! WE GOT SHOT OUT OF THE SKY AND THEN ATTACKED BY A GANG OF **ROBOT GORILLAS.**

ROBOT GORILLAS.

WELL, I'M GONNA DO MY BEST TO MAKE SURE YOU'RE BACK ON YOUR WAY TO... WHEREVER IT IS YOU'RE GOING. BUT FIRST THINGS FIRST.

TELL ME WHERE THE HELL YOU GOT MY VAN.

CANNOT BELIEVE YOU'RE DJUNIE'S NIECE, WHAT ARE THE FRIGGIN' ODDS I'D RUN INTO YOU OF ALL PEOPLE OUT HERE?

YOUR AUNT AND I SPENT YEARS TOOLING AROUND IN THIS OLD KOMBI. OTHER STUFF, TOO. BOUNTY WORK, SOME LIGHT BANDITRY, A COUPLE OTHER, AHEM, "SPECIAL ENTERPRISES.

SUP, HOOT.

WORD.

HOW'S THE CONTESSA, HOOT?

WELL, LUCKY IT WAS A DISPERSED ENERGY BLAST THAT HIT YOU AND NOT, LIKE, AN ACTUAL GODDAMN MISSILE. I HAD TO REPLACE SOME OF THE INTERNAL COMPUTER SYSTEMS THAT GOT FRIED BY THE EMP, AND I'M HOOKING UP A NEW FUEL SYSTEM AS WE SPEAK.

The Contessa

IT'S GONNA NEED SOME BODYWORK, TOO, UNLESS YOU'RE COOL WITH HAVING TO HOLD THE SIDE DOOR SHUT WITH A BUNGIE CORD INDEFINITELY AND PROBABLY DYING IN SPACE AT SOME POINT.

WELL I GUESS IT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE.

SPEAKERS ARE RUINED, THOUGH. SOMEONE'S GONNA PAY FOR THAT. POSSIBLY TOM. ***PROBABLY*** TOM.

BECAUSE ALL OF THIS IS ULTIMATELY HIS FAULT.

AND ALSO HE SHOULD TOTALLY GET US SOME FLAME DECALS FOR THE CONTESSA.

AND A PIZZA JUST FOR ME.

SO. KIM. PERSON WHO'S NAME I HAVEN'T LEARNED YET. CAN I ASK YOU GUYS A QUESTION?

I AM ALSO KIM, AND I'M DJUNIE'S NIECE'S BUSINESS PARTNER, PLATONIC SIGNIFICANT OTHER, AND PERSONAL WHOLE WORLD, THANK YOU VERY MUCH.

WHO'S AFTER YOU, AND WHY?

UHHHHHHHHH.

ROBOT GORILLAS. WE DON'T HAVE THOSE HERE.

I BUILT THIS HIDEOUT TO AVOID HAVING BULLSHIT LIKE *THAT* ON MY DOORSTEP. I HAD ENOUGH OF THAT TEN YEARS AGO.

YOU'RE LUCKY YOU'VE GOT THE CONTESSA HERE OR I'D HEAVE YOUR ASSES BACK OUT INTO THE COLD.

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. WE DIDN'T KNOW IT, BUT WE CAME HERE LOOKING FOR YOU.

I NECROMANTIZED DJUNA.

SHE *SENT US* HERE.

OH, *JESUS CHRIST.* OK. SHIT.

SO WHO THE HELL HAVE YOU DRAGGED INTO MY LIFE?

THE ADVERSARY? SCORCHO? WILSON-COWLES? HE'S A SERIOUS FUCKER.

SCORCHO.

OF FUCKING *COURSE* IT'S SCORCHO. HE'S AFTER TOM, RIGHT? BECAUSE HE'S A POLYFORM?

GOD, YOU WANT ME TO PLAY *LADY BABYLON,* DON'T YOU?

COME ON, ALREADY.

SO HERE'S THE THING: THERE WAS NO ONE LADY BABYLON. SHE WAS A PERSONA DJUNIE AND I COOKED UP. WE DID THE BABYLON THING FOR ABOUT FIVE YEARS AFTER WORD GOT OUT THAT SCORCHO WAS KIDNAPPING POLYFORMS AND FORCING THEM INTO THE DRUG TRADE.

SCORCHO WAS ALWAYS A PAIN IN MY ASS AND I WAS PRETTY EAGER TO CUT HIM AT THE DICK.

TOM, DON'T BE TOO SELF-CONSCIOUS. AFTER FIVE YEARS OF THAT, I CAN SPOT A POLYFORM A MILE AWAY.

HO! SHIT IT'S DIMENSION 12!

YOU READ LIKE NERVOUS WRECKS, ALL TWITCHY FROM THE STABILIZERS.

I'D BE OFFENDED IF IT WASN'T TRUE.

SO IS THERE LIKE A PORTAL TO DIMENSION 12 UP HERE OR WHATEVER? BECAUSE KIM AND I SERIOUSLY JUST WANNA PEACE OUT AND GET BACK HOME.

WE LEFT GIGANTO WITH A CATSITTER LIKE THREE WEEKS AGO.

THERE'S NO PORTAL. NEVER WAS.

DIZ ISN'T JUST HARD TO GET TO. IT'S IMPOSSIBLE IF YOU DON'T KNOW EXACTLY HOW TO DO IT. IT'S HIDDEN FOR A REASON. AND I AM NOT ESPECIALLY EAGER TO GO THERE WHEN YOU'RE BEING CHASED BY EXACTLY THE PEOPLE WE'RE HIDING IT FROM.

COMICS

SO WHAT ARE WE DOING UP HERE?

GOT IT!

SEE, DJUNIE AND I REALIZED WE WERE FIGHTING A LOSING BATTLE, SO...

SO YOU SEALED OFF DIMENSION 12 TO EVERYONE BUT YOURSELVES.

AND DOODLED A BUTT APPARENTLY. WELL DONE.

I DIDN'T KNOW DJUNA STILL DID ANY MAGIC.

HOW'D YOU KEEP THIS QUIET?

BLACKMAIL. I HAVE DIRT ON A CERTAIN MAJOR INSTITUTION OF SORCERY.

I'M SORRY, TOM. WE GOT THIS FAR, BUT THERE'S NOT REALLY ANYTHING ELSE--

NO.

CRAGGLIN' FLAPJACK!

YOU WILL TAKE ME TO DIMENSION 12, **MS. PERSON-WHO-SAYS-THINGS-LIKE-CRAGGLIN'-FLAPJACK.**

YOU WILL TAKE ME **NOW.**

JUMP CUT! THE CITY OF CASPARDAN ON VESSUS SECUNDO, FWIW.

HE PULLED OUT A FUCKING GUN?! WHERE THE FUCK DID HE GET A GUN?

I FIGURE HE SLIPPED IT OUT OF MY THIGH HOLSTER AT SOME POINT WHEN HE STARTED TO FEEL THE SITUATION TURN SOUTH.

GRETCHEN GRADY
THE KIMS' OTHER BEST FRIEND!

KATHLEEN MEGA RUSH
HIPSTER ASSASSIN!

WHATEVER. HE WAS IN A TIGHTLY ENCLOSED SPACE WITH THREE EXPERIENCED ADVENTURE-TYPES. WHAT THE HELL DID HE THINK WAS GONNA HAPPEN?

WE DISARMED HIM, HE CRIED, IT GOT SUPER BREAKFAST CLUB-Y.

HE'S GOT A REALLY FUCKED-UP RELATIONSHIP WITH HIS DAD, BTW. AND TURNS OUT HE WAS MARRIED?

THAT POOR OCTOPUS MAN!

SLURP!

SO WHAT HAPPENED?

IDK. WE HUGGED AND WE MADE SOME FROZEN PIZZA AND WATCHED CLUELESS AND EVERYBODY DECOMPRESSED AND WENT TO BED.

I GUESS MINA TOOK HIM TO DIMENSION 12 OR WHATEVER? I DUNNO. WE WOKE UP AND EVERYONE WAS GONE SO WE WENT HOME.

I FEEL LIKE I SHOULD PROBABLY CLARIFY RIGHT ABOUT HERE THAT I WAS PRETTY AGGRESSIVELY WRONG ABOUT THIS.

YOU KNOW THAT'S SUPER SHADY, RIGHT? YOU GUYS WENT ON THIS WHOLE EPIC THING--

IT WASN'T *THAT* EPIC.

WHATEVER. YOU WENT ON THIS WHOLE MODERATELY EPIC THING AND JUST DROPPED IT BEFORE IT GOT RESOLVED. THIS IS ***ABSOLUTELY*** GOING TO BITE YOU IN THE ASS.

YEAH, PROBABLY.

THE SAND WORM WAS SUPER GROSS AND SERIOUSLY I'M PRETTY SURE I WAS IN HELL FOR A SECOND OR SOMETHING.

KATHLEEN, THE WHOLE THING GOT WAY OUT OF HAND AND ANYWAY, TOM TOOK WHATEVER MONEY WAS LEFT WHEN HE BAILED.

I HONESTLY WANTED TO CALL YOU TO TELL YOU ABOUT IT BECAUSE I KNOW YOU'RE SUPER INTO MYSTICISM AND STUFF BUT WE HAD TO FIGHT THE SANDWORM.

WE'VE JUST GOT A LOT OF CRAP TO TAKE CARE OF AND IT WAS TIME TO ***CUT OUR LOSSES*** AND COME BACK AND DEAL WITH OUR REAL LIVES. SHIT DOESN'T ALWAYS NEATLY RESOLVE.

WE'RE LATE WITH OUR RENT SO I REALLY NEED TO TALK TO OUR LAND-LORD. ALSO I'M PRETTY SURE I MISSED JURY DUTY?

DJUNA SAID HE WAS NAMED EDGAR. DO SAND-WORMS HAVE NAMES? IS THAT A THING THAT HAPPENS?

HEY GRETCHEN, I KEPT SOME OF THE GENE STABILIZER. IT'S A PRETTY BITCHIN' PSYCHEDELIC IF YOU WANNA LIKE, YA KNOW, ***PLOP PLOP FIZZ FIZZ*** WITH ME LATER.

FUCKING TOTALLY.

YEAH I GOT THAT.

I MEAN TAKE DRUGS.

THIS IS US.

HAVE A GREAT NIGHT. AND CALL ME WHEN THIS TOM QUILT THING INEVITABLY FUCKS UP YOUR DAY. AT LEAST SO I CAN LAUGH AT YOU.

BUT SERIOUSLY, CALL ME. GRETCHEN AND I HAVE YOUR BACK.

I KNOW, KATHLEEN. LOVE YOU.

GO TO HELL. LOVE YOU TOO.

FUCKING FINALLY.

WHERE THE HELL IS MY PHONE CHARGER?

I DON'T THINK I'VE SLEPT IN FIVE DAYS.

I THINK I MIGHT SLEEP *FOR* FIVE DAYS.

PING

SPARKLING FLUFF BUNNIES.

HOW MANY TIMES DID SAAR *CALL* ME?

12:30

BZZZ

BZZZ

BZZZ

YOU HAVE 103 MISSED CALLS

PING

PING

PING

PING

HI! SAAR? WHAT THE HELL WITH THE CALLS?

WELL *OBVIOUSLY* I WAS INCOMMUNICADO.

NO DO NOT COME OVER FUCK.

ASSHOLE.

BEEP

COME ON NOW, SWEET CHEEKS. LET'S GET YOU TO BED.

...BUT I WAS ALREADY ASLEEP...

YOU DON'T WANNA SLEEP ON THE COUCH.

WHY NOT...?

IT HAS DRILLER BUGS. IT HAS LOTS AND LOTS OF DRILLER BUGS.

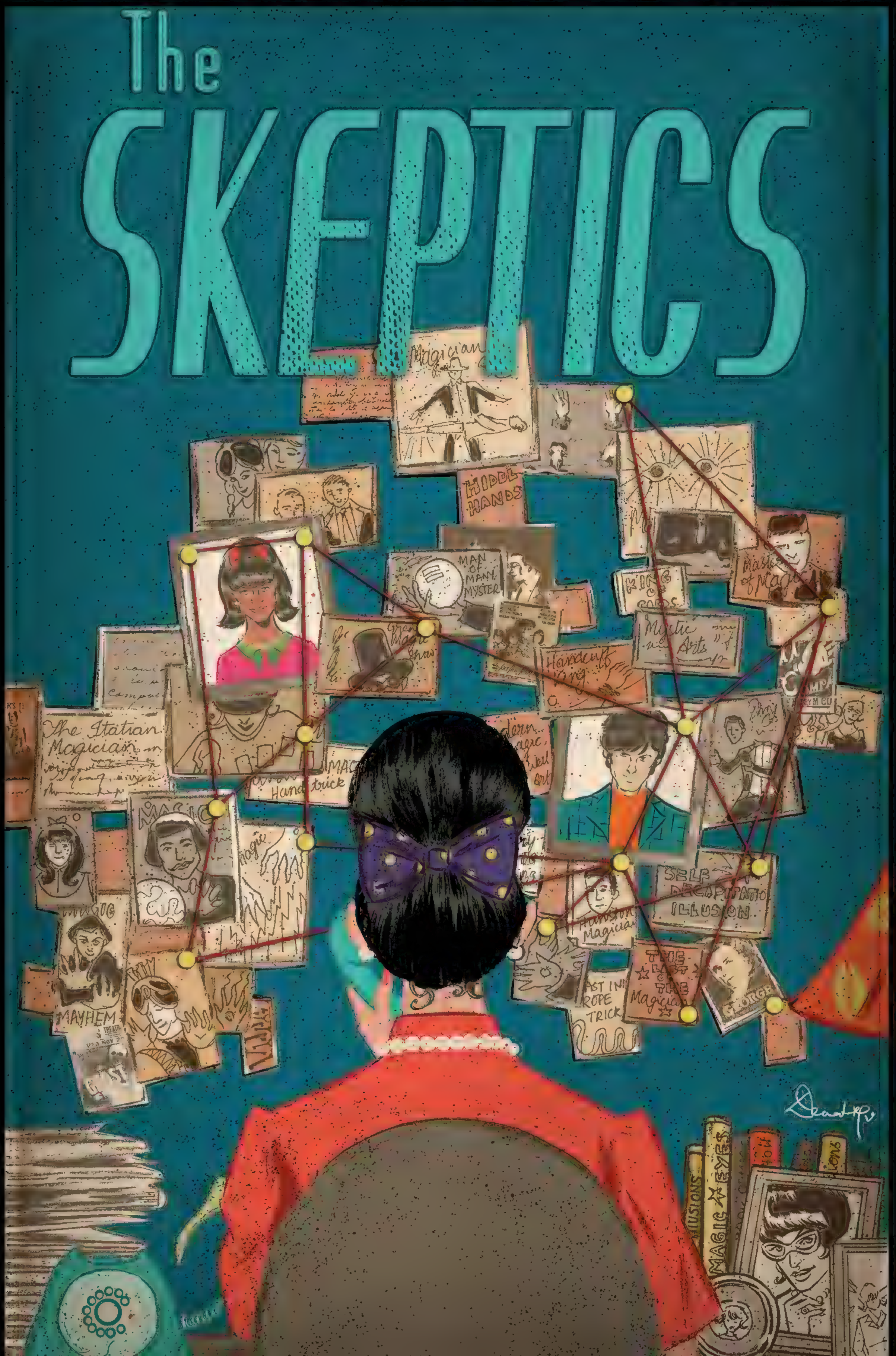
BAM

BAM
BAM

BAM
BAM
BAM

NEXT: WE SKIP OVER THE ACTION PART!

ADVANCED PREVIEW



WELCOME! THESE MUST BE OUR TWO PRODIGIOUS YOUNGSTERS, MAXWELL AND MARY!

IS... DR. SANTACLARA PRESENT?

THAT WOULD BE ME, GENTLEMEN.

OF COURSE! HAH! WHEN WE SPOKE ON THE PHONE, I THOUGHT YOU WERE DR. SANTACLARA'S ASSISTANT!

THIS WAY, INTO THE LAB, WON'T YOU?

TO BE CLEAR--WE ARE TESTING FOR THE PRESENCE OF PARA-PSYCHOLOGICAL PHENOMENA IN YOUNG PEOPLE FOLLOWING A REPORT OF PARA-PSYCHOLOGICALLY GIFTED SOLDIERS IN RUSSIA AND THE SOVIET UNION.

EACH OF YOU WILL BE SUBJECTED TO SEVERAL TESTS UNDER STRICT LABORATORY SETTINGS, TESTING FOR THE PRESENCE OF TELE-KINETIC ABILITIES, TELEPATHIC ABILITIES, AND EXTRA-SENSORY PERCEPTION.

IN ADDITION TO SIGNING, PLEASE VERBALLY CONSENT.

I...DO?

AYE.

"...LET'S BEGIN."

ROOM A

EXIT

ROOM B

ROOM A

ROOM B

I SEE...A HOUSE...A TREE WITH...RED FLOWERS...

IT'S...A *PAINTING.*

MAXWELL. YOU'RE VERY GOOD AT THIS.

I AM, AREN'T I?

WHAT SAY WE CRUCIFY ME AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS IN THREE DAYS, EH, CHUMS?

MISS SELWAR. YOUR FEMININE NATURE SEEMS TO LEAD YOU TOWARD THE GENTLER OF THE PSYCHIC POWERS.

I MYSELF AM INTERESTED IN REPLICATING ONE OF THE RUSSIAN CLAIMS.

THAT THEY CAN TWIST THE PARTS CLEAR OFF OF WEAPONRY FROM AFAR, BREAK THE SMALLEST BITS INSIDE AN ENGINE IN FLIGHT.

SIRS?

BREAK THE SPOON, MARY.

THE BOWL FROM THE STEM.

JUST BREAK IT? CLEAN OFF? ARE YOU ***SURE?*** SEEMS RATHER...

TAP

KLINK

WELL.

THAT'S THAT.

WELL, IT'S BEEN AN EVENTFUL AFTERNOON.

I THINK WE'VE SEEN ENOUGH.

WE'RE GOING TO... CONVENE PRIVATELY, FOR A MOMENT.

YES. WE'LL RETURN PRESENTLY.

DON'T. GO. *ANYWHERE.*

IN STORES THIS FALL

NO ANGEL

ERIC & ADRIANNE PALICKI
ARI SYAHRAZAD
JEAN-PAUL CSUKA

FALL 2016

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"